

## CZAR M'KANE IS GUILTY.

(Continued from First Page.)

He never raised his eyes as Clerk Byrne called the roll. Each answer to his name in a subdued voice. "Have you reached a verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the clerk.

Foreman Hackett stood up, and after swallowing a lump in his throat answered: "We have."

McKane even then gave no sign of the deep disappointment he experienced at hearing this. He fully expected a disagreement.

"What is your verdict?" continued Clerk Byrne.

Foreman Hackett swallowed another lump in his throat and then answered in a fairly loud voice:

"Guilty."

Every man in the court-room looked for some demonstration on the part of the convicted man.

He, however, remained for a moment standing by his chair, looking only crestfallen. Other than that he gave no sign of the blow he had received.

Foreman Hackett then stated that the jury recommended mercy from the Court in McKane's behalf. McKane gave one glance at the jury-box, and then turned away.

Justice Barrett made no comment on the jury's recommendation, but ordered that the prisoner be brought before him Monday morning at 10 o'clock for sentence. The Court then thanked the jury for their services, and discharged them.

McKane was immediately surrounded by some of his intimate friends. Foreman among them was Justice Newton, of Coney Island. They wrung McKane's hand, but could say nothing to cheer him up. With an apparent effort McKane appeared to throw off the depression which affected him, and held up his head with some of his old-time assurance.

He turned to the Deputy Sheriff and signified that he was ready to go.

Hardly had Justice Barrett left his seat when the crowd surged through the doors into the corridors of the Court-House, crying out the verdict of the jury.

Men rushed pell-mell through the court-rooms, and various officers in the building shouted out the news.

On the street the news that McKane had been found guilty spread like wildfire to the business office buildings. Such a scene has never been enacted before in the streets of Brooklyn.

Men rushed up to the entrances of strange stores on Fulton street, and, throwing open the doors, cried:

"McKane is a scoundrel!"

As the jury arose to leave the room, Foreman Hackett produced a paper which he handed to Justice Barrett, saying:

"Your Honor, in behalf of the other jurors, I offer you this document, and trust it will receive consideration."

"A recommendation for mercy, I suppose," asked Justice Barrett.

"I shall give it every consideration Monday, when the defendant will be sentenced by this Court."

Justice Barrett then turned to Justice William J. Gaynor, who sat by his side, and whispered in a low tone.

McKane was hustled out of court in short order. Instead of going through the crowds and out of the door that is generally used by McKane, in charge of Sheriff Butting, was taken through the door on the south end of the court-room and down the middle stairway.

As the downfallen boss reached the lower hallway, he was surrounded by a crowd of his henchmen, who tried to cheer him up by hopes for a new trial.

"You aren't in prison yet, chief," said one man.

McKane passed on through the corridor. He did not reply to his friends, and was apparently too much overcome to collect his thoughts. He passed through the Sheriff's office and into Sheriff Butting's private room.

Several of Butting's deputies were placed on guard at the outer doors to keep out the crowds. They were overzealous in their efforts to obey their superior's commands. They were very rough in their treatment of the people, and ordered the newspaper reporters to leave.

Several lawyers who wished to go into the office to transact official business were compelled to stand outside in the crowd and they finally went away in disgust.

After wrangling with the deputies for over half an hour, the newspaper men finally got word into Sheriff Butting that they would like to see him. When Butting appeared he asked:

"Well, what do you want?"

"We would like to see Mr. McKane," was the reply.

"Well, you can't. He is in my private office, and he doesn't want to see anybody except his lawyers. He doesn't want to see his friends, and particularly wishes the reporters to be kept away from him."

"How long do you intend to keep him in your office?"

"He will be allowed to remain here until he has concluded his conference with his lawyers, for whom he has sent."

"What will be done with him after the conference?"

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